

DESERTED WIFE GETS \$5,000 OF TRAMP'S CASH

Weader, Drunk with \$17,000 in Pockets, Also Pays \$10 Fine.

WOMAN WAS DESTITUTE

Forced to Take In Washing and Gather Driftwood for Fire from River.

August Weader, who was found disguised as a drunken tramp asleep in a gutter of Williamsburg's toughest quarter, "Darkies Africa," with \$17,000 in his pocket, was arraigned before Magistrate Furlong in the Lee Avenue Court today charged with intoxication. Before he got out it cost him just \$5.00.

Weader's wife and fourteen-year-old daughter were in court to try to persuade their lord and master to give up some of his easily earned money. Harry H. Dale, a lawyer, touched by the woman's story, volunteered to act for her. Mrs. Weader told through Dale the story of all she had suffered at the hands of the sound-faced man who lounged against the rail.

Two years ago Weader's father died in Germany and left him \$5,000. This money was sent to him in different sums which he gave to his wife to keep for him. As soon as the whole amount was received, Mrs. Weader said, she was threatened unless she gave it all to him. He gave back to her \$500 and disappeared with the rest. His wife did not hear from him for a year. Weader was a baker and she found him finally through the union to which he belonged. He threw her out of the house, she alleged, when she went to him for money. He lived in lodging-houses for the most part, and did no work. Mrs. Weader took in washing to support herself and the girl. She had to gather driftwood in the river for a fire, and she was found at this task yesterday by detectives, who brought her to court today.

After the woman had told her story Dale suggested that the man be compelled to give her at least \$1,000. "Never," said Magistrate Furlong. "That is not enough. I would not consider anything less than \$5,000. Is he willing to give that amount?" The man nodded stolidly.

"Very well, take him in the other room and draw up the paper," Dale took Weader in the anteroom and drew up the following paper, replete in irony:

"I, August Weader, hereby direct the property clerk of the Police Department, in consideration of the deepest love and affection, to pay to my dearly beloved wife, Elizabeth, the sum of \$5,000 cash, to be taken from the amount now in his keeping."

The party returned to court. "Do you give this voluntarily," asked the Judge.

"Yes, I give it. I give it," cried Weader eagerly.

"That's good. Now," continued the Judge, "I think that you ought to feel very grateful to the city. It, through its police, saved your life and your money. I think the least you can do is to pay \$10 for being intoxicated. And you ought to remember the policeman also."

Weader, on his disgust, had not a cent on his person, and was taken in the custody of a policeman to the station-house, where the money was given to his wife and \$10 taken out for his fine. He then got the remainder of the \$17,000 and went away with his wife and daughter.

Weader refused to talk to his wife and all conversation was carried on through his daughter. After giving his wife \$5,000 he went to the People's and Franklin trust company in Brooklyn, and deposited most of his cash. He bought himself a new suit of clothes and went to Williamsburg, where he opened an account with a savings bank. He is going to get work and seems getting on in the world with a clean bill of health. Friends of the couple hope to bring about a reconciliation. Mrs. Weader has also placed her money in a bank.

SPLIT WHEEL THROWS CAR INTO A MARSH.

Car No. 517 of the New York and Queens County line, between Flushing and Long Island City, was towing along Jackson avenue, through the marshes, today, when the rear wheels split, and the car and its load slid down an embankment into the salt meadows. The front wheels left the rails, but not the right of way. The car was full of passengers, many of them women. There was much excitement as the car lurched up in the air and then settled in the marsh, but nobody was hurt.

WHEN-WHERE-HOW Will You Spend Your VACATION?



564 World "Summer Resort" Ads were printed yesterday.

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THE NEW PLAYS

Bernhardt Says
Good-By in Four
Different Plays.

It would have been a wise Shakespeare who could have known his own Hamlet last night. Had Elsinore been a French town and the Dane a French woman, then Sarah Bernhardt's "Hamlet" at the Lyric Theatre, would have been a gem. But Elsinore was in Denmark and Hamlet was a man—an English-bright man at that.

Hence from a Shakespearean and traditional viewpoint the Bernhardt principle leaves several things to be desired. In fact, of all the various feminine Hamlets, from Charlotte Cushman down, none has produced the illusion of masculinity. At best they were but women in doublet and hose. And Bernhardt is no exception.

This is odd, because her L'Amour is essentially boyish, the luckless Elsinore's



pany that surrounds her is worthy of its star. The two together form an example of stagecraft that cannot be successfully imitated either in America or in England. The perfection of their technique, their mastery of the wonderful traditions of the French stage, their individual excellence—all go to make up such a cast as must ever be the hope of Anglo-Saxon players.

Bernhardt is Hamlet. There is no other adjective to express her. Whether as the tortured Yorick, the consumptive Little Duke of Rosinhardt or the puffy, frivolous Gilberte in "Frou-Frou," she is inimitable.



Bernhardt's wondrous presence, coupled with Bernhardt's art and Bernhardt's golden voice, goes far to make one forgive these incongruities and to accept her Hamlet gracefully for what it is—a feat of histrionic gymnastics. It is great. But it is not Hamlet.

Mme. Bernhardt began her brief far-away engagement in New York last night with a pot pourri of acts from four of her plays—the second and respectively of "Hamlet," "L'Amour," and "Frou-Frou" and Act IV of "La Sorcière." The first three of these plays had not been produced in New York for some years; "Hamlet" but once be-

Don't Poison Baby.

Forty years ago almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Drugists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without your or your physician's knowledge of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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BRUTAL SLAYER GOES TO ASYLUM

McPartland's Trial Stopped on Testimony that He Is Insane.

The trial of James McPartland for the murder of Mrs. Lena Hoebel came to an abrupt end today in General Sessions, when, on the testimony of experts for the State and the defense, the defendant was adjudged insane and committed to the State asylum for insane criminals at Matteawan.

At the request of Assistant District Attorney Crane, counsel for the defendant allowed Dr. Carlos F. McDonald to take the stand. Dr. McDonald testified that he examined McPartland yesterday and last night and found him unmistakably insane.

District Attorney Jerome then sug-

gested that one of the jurors be removed from the jury and a mistrial ordered. This was done, and another juror from a different jury was then substituted, and the trial to determine the man's insanity was begun.

The three physicians who testified yesterday that they had found McPartland suffering from dementia offered their evidence. They were followed by Dr. McDonald, who testified that he had examined McPartland carefully and found him showing all symptoms of the dangerously insane. His tongue was tremulous, his pupils unequal, his knee reflexes diminished, his memory defective and his mental operations sluggish. He did not fully appreciate his position, nor did he know the difference between right and wrong. His hands were puffy and swollen, cold and clammy. His powers of coordination were impaired and his capillary circulation sluggish. The jury promptly brought in a verdict of insanity and Judge Foster committed McPartland. He will be retried should he recover his reason.

When Mrs. McPartland heard the verdict she cried out, "Thank God!" and left the room hurriedly.

DEAD IN BED FROM GAS.

NEWARK, N. J., June 12.—Harry Minnerty, twenty-two years old, who boarded at No. 177 Newtont street, was found dead in bed from gas fumes today. His death is thought to have been accidental, as a window in the room was partly open. The escape of gas is ascribed to a loose-working key on the set.

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